

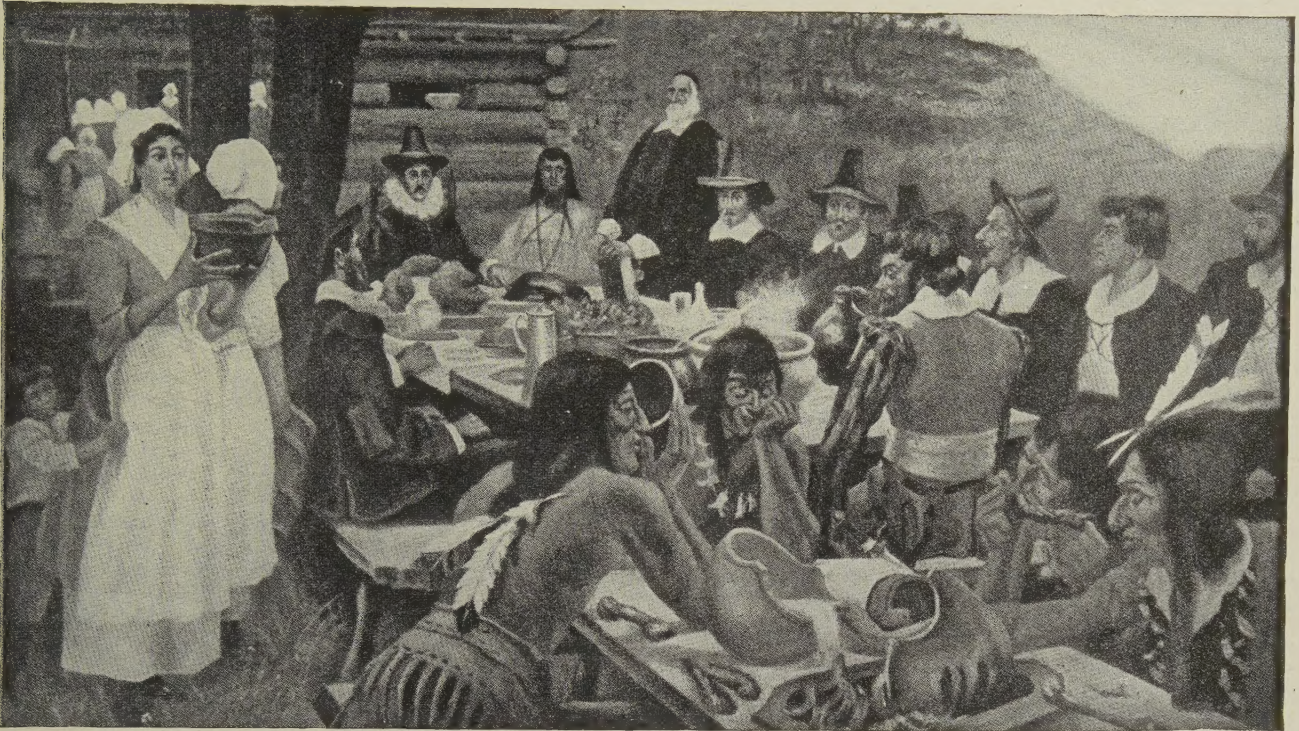
THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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From painting by Frederick A. MacNeal.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING.

"AND now," said the governor, gazing
Abroad on the piled-up store
Of the sheaves that dotted the clearings
And covered the meadows o'er,
"'Tis meet that we render praises
Because of this yield of grain;
'Tis meet that the Lord of the harvest
Be thanked for His sun and rain.

"And therefore, I, William Bradford
(By the grace of God, to-day,
And the franchise of His people),
Governor of Plymouth, say,
Through virtue of vested power,
Ye shall gather with one accord,
And hold in the month of November
Thanksgiving unto the Lord."

And when Massasoit, the sachem,
Sat down with his hundred braves,
And ate of the varied riches
Of gardens and woods and waves,
And looked on the granaried harvest,
With a blow on his brawny chest,
He muttered, "The good Great Spirit
Loves His white children best."

From Colonial Ballads.

When John Henry Wayne Woke Up.

BY L. D. STEARNS.

IT was a very sober John Henry Wayne who took his place at the table Thanksgiving Day. Even the sight of the great turkey, done to the exact shade of brown, caused but a flicker of interest in his face.

Besides John Henry, there was his Aunt Sarah and his Uncle John.

Outside, it had been pretty gray all morning, with the sort of leadenness that comes only with November, and the wind had whistled about the corners and down the chimney in a way that made John's heart feel just about twice as heavy as it ordinarily was. In fact, he never remembered it to have been heavy ever before; he certainly hadn't noticed it, and most likely he didn't realize what it was, even now. He just simply felt, all at once, lonely and miserable, and out of sorts in every way.

John Henry was not used to the country. John Henry was not used to being away from home. And, particularly on Thanksgiving

At length came the day appointed;
The snow had begun to fall,
But the clang from the meeting-house belfry
Rang merrily over all,
And summoned the folk of Plymouth,
Who hastened with one accord
To listen to Elder Brewster,
As he fervently thanked the Lord.

Days, he *was* used to lots of fun and company; silver and shining glass; all kinds of goodies. Here, with the coarse table linen and rather thick dishes, and just his uncle, aunt, and himself, he felt strangely out of place. He missed the jolliness; as he looked down the long, ribbon-like road he missed the throng of people he was accustomed to see, the houses, the stream of cars, and the honking of motors. But, most of all, he missed his mother.

Neither Aunt Sarah nor Uncle John appeared to notice. "Well, John, my boy," said Uncle John, "what ye got to be thankful fer to-day?"

John gulped. "Nothing," he said.

"Shoo! that's bad!" Twinkling, kindly eyes looked John up and down. "Guess," continued he, "you'n' I'll have to take a tramp round about after dinner, and get *woke up*. When a body's half asleep, o' course it can't find out what it has to be thankful fer."

"I'm not asleep, sir." John's voice was a bit indignant. "When a fellow's up against things like *I* am, there just isn't anything to be thankful for. Course, I'm *alive*, but what's that?"

"Shoo!" said Uncle John again.

But Aunt Sarah just reached out and patted his shoulder in exactly the way his mother might have done. "Now, John," said she, "ask the blessing. Course, he misses his mother. Poor lad!" And John Henry gulped a little harder than before.

He ate his turkey. It *was* good, after all! And even if there wasn't as much on the table as he had been accustomed to seeing in the way of goodies, he suddenly discovered that what there was tasted surprisingly

fine. After a few moments he somehow forgot that the tablecloth and napkins did not look and feel the same as they did at home, and when the wind gave a sudden blast, and sent every leaf on the great tree just outside the window flying here and there, in immense whirling clouds, his eyes grew suddenly very bright. Why! *that* was something he'd never seen the like of before! Something about it seemed to make his heart all at once warmer and lighter. It would be great sport to get into real woods, after all, with a crowd!

"Any other fellows about?" he inquired eagerly.

"I thought," allowed Uncle John, "I'd take ye over and make ye acquainted with Donald Winn, after the eats."

"Great!" John's eyes began to lighten up a bit.

"Wouldn't you best take him over to see Seth Graves instead?" asked his aunt. "Seth has a good many things he might be interested in. And it's Thanksgiving, you know. He could see Don to-morrow."

Said Uncle John: "I'm thinkin' Don's got quite a sight more'n Seth. Seth's got a good bit o' truck. But Don's got—a man's soul."

After a short walk through a by-path Uncle John and John Henry reached a small cottage. In the yard a boy sat whistling and whistling merrily.

"Howd'y?" greeted Uncle John. "This's my nephew, John Henry Wayne. Donald Winn, John. Thought ye might like to chum a bit. He's here fer quite a spell."

The whistling had ceased, but the thin, almost transparent fingers of the lad in his chair did not pause until Uncle John finished; then, from the chair, which John now saw was a wheel chair, his new acquaintance reached out a hand. "Another thing to be thankful for," he said with a boyish laugh. "It'll be bully to have a new boy about!"

Uncle John turned: "You kin come, when ye're ready," said he. "I'll trot along home."

Just at first John could think of nothing to say. He felt suddenly awkward—as if there was something he should say, but didn't know how. He realized that, in spite of the bright eyes of his new friend, his face was white and thin. He noticed, too, how white his hands were. Then Don spoke.

"Now," said he, "don't you go to being sorry for me, old chap. Why, it's Thanksgiving! What'f I never *have* walked a step! I'm learning to work. I can earn quite a bit. I bought a turkey—first one we ever had!—and I've just as much right to whistle as *you*! and just as much chance to be a *man*! If that don't mean a lot, I'd just like to know!"

The boy in the soul of John reached out and answered to the call of the boy in the soul of Donald. "Say," proposed he, off-handedly, "how'd you like to go over into the woods, somewhere? Couldn't I act as power, or legs? anything you say."

How the light leaped into the thin face! How the eyes of the boy in the chair glowed! He rubbed his white hands gleefully. "I haven't been for most a month, now," said he. "It's kinder hard for Ma to be power, you see, she has so much to do. *If we just only could!*"

"You bet!" and now it was something besides *boy* that was speaking. "We'll go off tramping every day, if we can; and I guess we can."

Around the turn came Aunt Sarah. In her hand was a yellow envelope. "Lad! Lad!" she called. "I couldn't wait. It's from your father!"

With face grown suddenly white, and fin-

gers that trembled, John tore off the end and drew out a yellow slip. Then, slowly, the color returned to his cheeks. His head lifted high. "'Mother no worse,'" he read aloud. "'A jolly Thanksgiving. Quite a lot you and I have to be thankful for, eh, son!'"

Folding it carefully, John slipped it into his vest pocket. Then, reaching out, he took hold of Don's chair. "Tell uncle," said he,—and his voice rang clear and strong,—"*that I'm—awake!*"

Dinner at Grandpa's.

BY DAISY D. STEPHENSON.

(A little exercise for any number of children. One is dressed as GRANDMA and one as GRANDPA. GRANDMA is alone at first and speaks.)

GRANDMA:

The dinner's nearly ready, and I'm waiting now to see

The children that are coming for Thanksgiving Day with me.

Oh, how their eyes will sparkle! How they'll chatter with delight,

When dinner's served! (I'm certain each will bring his appetite.)

(*Listeners.*) I think I hear the horses' hoofs—and laughter from the hill!

(*Looks out.*) They're coming! Father's urging on the grays, old Bess and Bill.

(*Enter GRANDPA and the children, laughing and talking. All run to hug GRANDMA, then take off their wraps.*)

GRANDPA:

Well, mother, here's your fam'ly! Do you want the turkey carved?

GIRLS:

O Grandma, we're so glad we're here!

BOYS: And, Grandma, *we're all starved!*

CHILDREN:

Do tell us what we're going to have for dinner, Grandma, please!

GRANDMA (*counting off on her fingers*):

Well—creamed potatoes, pickled beets, and rolls and corn and peas—

Cranberry sauce, and pumpkin pie—

BOYS: No *turkey*, Grandma, dear?

GRANDMA:

O boys! Without a turkey fine, Thanksgiving *would* seem queer!

GRANDPA:

Don't talk about it any more—I simply cannot wait!

GRANDMA (*starts out and the rest gladly follow*): Come, children, come. We'll visit more when Grandpa fills each plate!

The Favorite Playfellow.

BY EMILIE HENDERSON.

OF all the merry throng that played on the Elmwood school grounds, no one seemed to enjoy the fun more than did Billy, and no one was a greater favorite. Every one wanted to play with him. When the bell rang, and the children trooped into the house, he turned away and went about his daily work; for Billy was not a pupil, but a long-eared burro, belonging to an old man known as Sammy Budd.

All day Billy pulled the cart in which Sammy gathered up old iron; but though a faithful servant, he insisted on having recesses for playtime. And Old Sammy seemed to enjoy them quite as much. Neither could pass a schoolhouse at recess time. Billy knew one as soon as he came to it and would promptly stop. He never balked except when Sammy made the mistake of reaching a school building before recess and attempted to drive on. Then

Billy would display all his burro firmness and refuse to budge.

When recess time came, he was unhitched and given a chance to play with the children. He allowed as many to ride upon his back as could hold on. He would gladly have carried more had his back been longer.

For years he had been the pet of the Elmwood children, when one day the sad news spread among them that he had been badly hurt. Ward Barton was nearly heartbroken, for he had overheard Sammy say that if Billy couldn't get well, some one must shoot him to put him out of his misery.

Shoot Billy! Ward was so agitated that, instead of buying the skates he had gone down town for, he hurried home lest he might disgrace himself by crying on the street. His mother found him later wiping a pair of red eyes. "Why, what's the matter?" she inquired.

"Billy got hurt, and—and they're going to shoot him," sobbed Ward.

His mother was very sympathetic. "I wonder," she said, "if a veterinary could help him."

"What's a veterinary?" inquired Ward, eagerly.

"A doctor who treats horses and other animals. Dr. Dorr is one."

Dr. Dorr had just moved to Elmwood. Ward remembered seeing his sign with the long word "veterinary" upon it. "If he could cure Billy," he exclaimed, "I could pay him with my Christmas money."

"But your present," suggested his mother. "Uncle Will sent the money for skates."

"I'll wear my old ones," answered Ward.

"New ones would be just for me, but making Billy well would be like giving a present to every boy and girl in town."

Ten minutes later Dr. Dorr had his first call for services in Elmwood. Ward burst into the office and inquired breathlessly, "Can you cure broken bones?"

"Sometimes," answered the doctor.

"Does it cost more than new skates?"

"Well, that depends," smiled Dr. Dorr. "Suppose you tell me about it."

Ward poured out his story, not omitting the plan for a general Christmas gift.

"I'll do my best for Billy," promised the doctor. And Ward went home somewhat cheered.

Late that afternoon his mother called, "You're wanted at the phone, Ward."

Ward ran to the telephone, expecting to hear Donald Winn ask him to go skating. Instead a man called: "Well, my boy, I think Billy will pull through. He was in pretty bad shape, but you got around in time."

Ward could only cry, "O Dr. Dorr, I'm so glad!"

"And about that Christmas present," Dr. Dorr went on. "I'd like to make that myself. It isn't often one has a chance to make one present do for all the children in town. It's too good to miss. You'll have to be satisfied with skates. Good-by."

Billy did get well, and though Ward spent his Christmas money for skates, he had the pleasant thought that he had had a large share in returning their favorite playfellow to the children of Elmwood.

"In ourselves the sunshine dwells;
In ourselves the music swells;
Everywhere the heart awake
Finds the pleasure it can make;
Everywhere the light and shade
By the gazer's eye is made."

America, My Own.

AMERICA, my own,
Fair country of the west,
The land that I have known
And loved, first, last, and best!
Long may thy banner wave
Above thy noble crest,
America, America,
Fair country of the west!

Upon thy honored shores
One hundred millions dwell,
Where all within thy doors
A tale of welcome tell,
For thou, with arms of love,
Outstretched across the sea,
Extend to all within thy call
True hospitality!

Though other mighty lands
With discontent are rife,
Our own fair country stands
A-bloom with happy life.
Her fertile fields abound
With untold plenteousness,
Of harvests rich and treasures which
Bring sweet contentedness.

Beneath thy emblem grand,
The red, the white and blue,
We proudly take our stand
With hearts both strong and true;
And every native son
Will stand up loyally,
To hold unfurled before the world
The flag of liberty!

America, my own,
Fair country of the west,
Where freedom's flag has flown
O'er all that I love best,
May our great Father's rule
O'er thy lands never cease,
And may he give us strength to live
Through endless years of peace.
ARTHUR J. MATTHEWS,
in The Methodist Recorder.

The Little Mouse Pie.

Of all the stories Tommy's mother used to tell him, Tommy's favorite was "The Little Mouse Pie." This is the way she used to tell it.

Once there was a nice old mother cat who lived in the coalshed at No. 13, 22d

Street. She had four children: two were yellow, one was black, and one was white. The two yellow ones were named Mustard and Custard, and the other two were Donder and Whitey. The mother's name was Mrs. Gray.

One day the lady and the little boy who lived in the house came out into the backyard. They did this every pleasant morning after breakfast. The lady came to look at the lake and to get some fresh air, and the little boy came to give the kittens some milk. Mrs. Gray saw them coming, and called her children.

"Come, Custard and Mustard," she called, "come, Whitey. Wake up, Donder, breakfast is ready."

Donder and Mustard put their paws on the edge of the box, and looked over and saw the little boy pouring milk into their tin plate. So they scrambled over, and fell

with a thump on the floor, and Custard came tumbling after; and they all ran as fast as they could. They did not know how to run very well yet. Sometimes their hind legs ran faster than their fore legs, and made them turn round backwards; and sometimes their tails got crooked, and made them run sideways. But they got there at last, and then they tried to lap milk with all their might. They had not yet learned to do it just right; and sometimes the milk got into their eyes and made them wink, and sometimes it got into their noses and made them sneeze. Then Mrs. Gray lapped a little to show them how, and for a while they got along better.

By and by Mrs. Gray noticed that Whitey was not there.

"Why didn't Whitey come?" she asked the other children.

"Whitey's cross," "Whitey's sick," "Whitey's lazy," said Custard and Mustard and Donder all together.

Then Mrs. Gray went to the box and looked in; and there lay Whitey, with her eyes half shut.

"What's the matter?" she asked. "Why don't you come to breakfast?"

"I'm sick," said Whitey. "My nose feels hot, and my tail feels cold, and my head aches."

Then Mrs. Gray ran as fast as she could, and got four little cups of hot water, and made Whitey stand with one paw in each. Then she brought a piece of ice and put it on her head, and then she put a hot brick on her tail, and then a mustard plaster on her back.

"Now don't you feel better?" she asked anxiously.

"No, I don't," said poor Whitey. "I feel worse."

(When Tommy's mother said this, she used to speak in a very squeaky little voice, and hang her head on one side and pucker up her eyes and mouth, and try to look like a sick kitten, which Tommy thought very funny indeed.)

"Dear me! I must send for the doctor at once," said Mrs. Gray. So she jumped out of the coalshed window, and ran down the alley past two stables, and went into the third stable, where her friend Tabitha Brown lived.

"O Tabby," she said, "won't you send your boy round to the barn behind the grocery, on the corner of Cottage Grove Avenue and 24th Street, to ask the doctor to come and see Whitey? She's so sick I don't dare to leave her, for fear she may go into fits any minute."

"Why, yes, yes, yes, of course!" said Tabby, quite excited; "and I'll just drop everything, and go and help you take care of her till the doctor comes." And she sent her boy on the errand that very second, and dropped everything, and went home with Mrs. Gray; and the two sat down, one on each side of the box, and watched Whitey without moving or winking for an hour and twenty-five minutes, which prevented her from going into fits.

"I think she's threatened."

Mrs. Gray and Tabitha Brown looked at each other with tears in their eyes.

"Now don't get excited," said the doctor. "Keep calm, and I think we can pull her through. Has she been exposed to kitten-pox?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Gray; "she went to kitten-garten last week, and she might catch it there."

"What has she been eating?" asked the doctor.

"Not a thing to-day," answered the mother, "and it is now past ten o'clock. I can see she's getting weaker every minute."

"Exactly," answered the doctor. "You did well to call me so promptly. Now, if you can get her a Little Mouse Pie within two hours, her life is saved. The mice must be six weeks old, and fresh, not pickled. There are two places in the city where they can probably be obtained: one is Gillespie's, on the corner of Indiana Avenue and 22d Street, and the other is P. K. Bowen's on South Park Avenue and 29th. Do you trade at either of these places?"

"No," said Mrs. Gray.

"Well, there is a cat's annex in the rear, where they keep a large and excellent assortment of this class of goods. They are perfectly reliable. Now there is no time to be lost."

"Tabby," said Mrs. Gray, "if you'll stay with the children, I'll go for the mice myself." And she put on her bonnet and gloves almost before Tabby had time to answer; and, taking a parasol in one hand and a small tin pail in the other, she walked very fast till she came to Gillespie's. She hurried round to the cat's annex in the rear.

"Have you any little mice?" she asked.

"Fresh or pickled?" asked the salesman.

"Fresh," said Mrs. Gray, "and six weeks old."

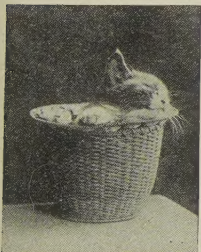
"We have plenty of fresh seven weeks' mice," answered the salesman; "and we have had a good supply of the sixes, but only half an hour ago I filled a large order, and now there are only eight left."

"Eight will do," said Mrs. Gray, eagerly, handing him the small tin pail. "Give them to me at once. I will take them home myself, for the need is urgent."

She hurried home with the mice; and, as soon as she was inside the shed, without even stopping to take off her bonnet, she tied a large gingham apron round her waist, and made up a fire in the kitchen stove. Then she went quickly to the pantry, and took out the kneading-board and rolling-pin and a yellow dish and a knife. Then she put in the dish a cup of flour and half a cup of lard and a level teaspoonful of salt, and cut up the lard and mixed it all in with the flour, and poured in some water and made it up into dough, and sprinkled flour on the board and rolled half the dough into a thin sheet, and laid it on a plate for the undercrust, and trimmed off the edges and laid the little mice on it, taking them up carefully by their tails, and sprinkled over them a little salt and a little pepper and a little mustard and a little nutmeg and three drops of lemon juice and five drops of vanilla and half a tablespoonful of cream and a piece of butter as big as your thumb, and rolled out the top crust and laid it over and trimmed it off with a knife, and crimped it round the edge with a fork.

This is the correct way to make a Little Mouse Pie.

Then she put it in the oven, and sat



down in a rocking-chair, and rocked very hard, and fanned herself while waiting for it to bake.

In twenty minutes it was done. She took it out of the oven, and let it stand on the window-sill a few minutes to cool. The crust was brown and flaky, and the smell of it was delicious. Donder and Mustard and Custard were in the yard just outside the kitchen window; and, when they smelled it, they looked at each other, and said,—

"Oh, my!"

Then Mrs. Gray took the pie in where Whitey was, and said,—

"Whitey, dear, couldn't you take a taste of Little Mouse Pie?"

"Oh, no," said Whitey, "I don't want any."

"Just smell of it, dear, it's so good." And she held it close to Whitey's nose.

Whitey opened her eyes, and said,—

"I believe I'll taste it."

Her mother put a little crumb in Whitey's mouth; and immediately she sat up very straight, and said,—

"Gimmesommore."

Then Mrs. Gray knew that Whitey's life was saved.

"Now, that's a good child," she said: "let mother see how much of it you can eat." She set the pie before Whitey; and in about two minutes Whitey had eaten the very last crumb, and was licking the plate. Then she jumped out of the box, and ran out in the yard to play.

"Bless the child!" said Mrs. Gray. And she was so happy that, when the doctor sent in his bill for fifty dollars, as he did the next morning, Mrs. Gray gave him a hundred, and thanked him, too.

(Then Tommy would give a long sigh of satisfaction, and say:—

"That's a nice story, mamma. Now tell it all over again.")

REBECCA PALFREY UTTER,
in *The Christian Register*.

"Winning His Spurs."

BY FRANCES HARMER.

JOHNNY CARTER came home from his day of work exactly as the kitchen clock pointed to ten minutes past six. His sister Lucy, busy in the kitchen, giving the last touches to the supper,—Lucy was the head of the motherless household,—saw him come in, and smiled a welcome. But Johnny had no smile to give back.

"Why, Johnny!" She turned to him eagerly. "What's the matter?"

"Aw, nothing much," was Johnny's sulky answer, as he went to the sink to wash his hands.

Lucy, wise girl, said not another word until supper had been served. By that time her father came in, bright and smiling.

"Well, Lucy, here you have two men coming home to meals," he said. "Johnny'll be quite a man, soon, won't you, Johnny?"

His son stared at him with such amazement that Lucy almost laughed at her brother's open eyes and mouth.

"Y-yes, sir," Johnny stammered in reply. But then his face clouded over again.

When the dishes had been washed, and the breakfast food put on to be well cooked for the morning, Lucy said softly:

"Now, Johnny boy?"

It was what she had called him when he was very small indeed, and she had first



By James Allan.

"WATCHFUL WAITING."

"little-mothered" him. He came over to the sofa and flung himself beside her. Father was reading the evening paper on the porch.

"Was the first day hard—in father's own store?" she asked him.

"Well, you bet it was!" Johnny burst out with all the force of his pent-up grievance. "I thought I'd have a fine time, *being* father's son, and in *his* store. I thought I'd have something over Jim Bowles, no relation at all, starting the same day. But Dad was nicer to him than to me, if there was any difference. When I made a mistake, he said, just as sharp as anything, 'Here, keep your wits about you! Don't shut your eyes!' He treated me just as if I were not any kin to him. I can tell you, Sis, it *hurt!* I couldn't think what I'd done."

"I dare say you made no more mistakes than any other beginner would have made," agreed Lucy.

"Well, but I thought I needn't have to be minding my *p's* and *q's* like the other boys," Johnny went on. "It was my Dad's store! He seemed to forget that, though."

"Why, Johnny," Lucy understood the situation now,— "wouldn't it have been very hard for Jim Bowles if his mistakes had been noticed, and not yours?"

"But that's how it ought to have been," insisted Johnny. "I'd have expected Jim to have had some advantage, if it had been *his* Dad's store!"

"Father behaved just like a king," said Lucy.

Johnny stared at her.

"Are kings mean to their own folk?" he asked, a little sarcastically.

"No, but they are just to other folk—if they are good kings," answered Lucy. "Listen, Johnny. When Edward the Third—one of England's most successful fighting kings—was engaged in a great battle with France, the battle of Agincourt, his son, the Black Prince, had charge of a whole regiment, though he was only sixteen years old."

Johnny looked interested.

"Don't you see?" he cried. "He had it so young because he was the King's son—didn't he?"

"Let me finish my story," smiled his sister. "The battle went very hard with that particular regiment, at one time, and a nobleman rode over to the King and advised that help be sent to the boy leader at once."

"Is my son wounded?" asked the King.

"No, Your Majesty, but in danger."

"Then," replied the King, "if he be not fallen, nor even wounded, send no help. *Let the lad win his spurs!*"

"Oh,"—Johnny was quick to understand,—"they'd have said he was favoring the prince if he'd sent help?"

"Yes. And if the prince's regiment had conquered,—as it did,—the prince would not have had all the credit. He would not have *won* his spurs! They would have been *given* to him. Now, suppose Dad had favored you over Jimmy Bowles, you would have seemed a favorite, and 'favorites have no friends.' I think father did just exactly right in being as severe with you as with any other employee."

"So do I—*now*," said Johnny, slowly.

The Better Prayer.

I THANK thee, Lord, for strength of arm
To win my bread,
And that beyond my need is meat
For friend unfed.
I thank thee much for bread to live,
I thank thee more for bread to give.

I thank thee, Lord, for snug-thatched roof,
In cold and storm,
And that beyond my need is room
For friend forlorn.
I thank thee much for place to rest,
But more for shelter for my guest.

I thank thee, Lord, for lavish love
On me bestowed,
Enough to share with loveless folk
To ease their load.
Thy love to me I ill could spare,
Yet dearer is thy love I share.

ROBERT DAVIS.

The Process.

IT is Fear that ever whispers, "Just let well
enough alone,"
And that fits eventless places to the coward
and the drone;
But the steel that drills the granite must
endure the furnace heat
And the plunge in chilly waters, ere its
temper is complete;
And our victories and our failures at the
kindly hand of fate
Help us train our vagrant motives to that
bright and happy state
Where the heart is ever singing, though the
wind blow north or south,
And a smile is ever clinging to the corners
of the mouth.

E. B. WARMAN.

Old Bob, a Negro of Calhoun.

BY CHARLES HENRY DICKINSON.

SOME of the most interesting old Negro people in all the South live around Calhoun School, which is in the heart of the Black Belt of Southern Alabama. One of my best friends among them is old Bob Haley.

Old Bob was young Bob way down in Georgia "befo' freedom," a slave on a rough plantation in one of the wildest regions of the Southern South, and brought up by hard work and harder blows. The whippings were the worst when "Ole Missus" lost her false teeth which she kept at night in a tumbler beside her bed. Young Bob, who surely had no use for them, was accused of the theft on the ground that he was mean enough to steal anything. Every Monday morning while the teeth were missing he had to take worse whippings than usual. One morning "Ole Missus" looked up the chimney and there were the teeth. The thieves were rats, which swarmed in the old log plantation house.

The memory of all the unjust whippings which the rats deserved, not he, was too much for Bob and he soon became a chronic runaway, hiding in the creeks in company with the deadly moccasin snakes, living on the wild things of the woods eked out by the spoils of his master's fields and an occasional ham from the smoke-house. Woe to the dog that found him, and human pursuers fought shy of him. Whenever he became tired of his savage life and reckoned his master's need of his work was greater than



OLD BOB—"A wonderful story-teller, with the heart of a happy child."

his master's wrath, he would come back to the plantation house, take a whipping and go to work, until the longing for his liberty drove him again into the deep woods.

After the war Bob's life was what might be expected from his early history. For years he lived the poor life of a Negro renter on a big plantation. At length Calhoun School was founded in the neighborhood, and soon after that the School gave him an opportunity to buy a farm, and later to build a pretty five-room house on it. Hopes and energies that he had never dreamed of awoke within him. One evening he stood before his house which was just completed, looking steadfastly upon it, and then he gazed upon his old life and inward to the depths of his own soul: "New house," he said, "ole man. Ole man ain't fitten to live in new house. Got to be a new man for the new house."

From that day Bob was another man in uprightness of life, in industry and earnestness, in devotion to all good things. It is hard for me to go by that house without entering. Everything is as neat as wax, pretty and healthful, even by the standards of a New England household. I counted at one time four hundred and eleven jars

of fruits and vegetables which his fine wife had preserved. Whatever belongs to the welfare of his people, in better farms and homes, schools and churches, is dear to him. Yet nothing of value has been lost out of the old life: he is full of jollity, a wonderful story-teller, with the heart of a happy child. I often think, as I stop to joke with him or to consult him upon what can be best done for his people, that as fast as his race has opened to it the new and beautiful house of opportunity, all that is unworthy of manhood falls away, and there appears a new man for a new house, a new race for its place in the great temple of humanity.

The way to prepare for great living is to live greatly from day to day, when no one knows but ourselves, and no one sees but God.

Great men are they who see that spiritual is stronger than any material force; that thoughts rule the world.

They conquer who believe they can. He has not learned the lesson of life who does not every day surmount a fear.

EMERSON.

What November Brings.

NOVEMBER brings the snowflakes,
So beautiful and fair,
It brings the whistling north wind,
The cold and frosty air.

November brings the dark clouds
That go scurrying through the sky;
It brings the heaps of crinkled leaves
That on the brown earth lie.

November brings the evenings,
So long for work and play,
It brings that happy, happy time,—
The glad Thanksgiving Day.
Child Garden.

How Elizabeth Kept Thanksgiving.

BY EULETA WADSWORTH.

ELIZABETH sat on the davenport, looking very serious. She was a quiet little girl and often thought about things a long time before she talked about them. But her brother, Frederick, was just the opposite; he always spoke right out the moment anything popped into his head. It was Thanksgiving morning, and Elizabeth had been with her father down to the West End to see a man on business; and while her father had talked to Mr. Burger, Elizabeth had gone into the house with one of the little girls who was about her own age.

"Mother," said Elizabeth as Mrs. Fenton stepped into the room for a big needle to sew up the turkey, "what is Thanksgiving Day?"

"It's the noblest holiday in the world," broke in Frederick, who was reading by the fire. "That's what Lincoln said; I've just been reading about it."

"I mean what is it for, mother," said Elizabeth.

"Why, it's a day set apart to return thanks for all our blessings, dear, for our good home and all the nice things we have and everything."

"Should every one give thanks on this day?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Fenton, "every one."

"I don't see how the Burgers can, mother." Mrs. Fenton stopped in surprise. "Why not, Elizabeth?"

"Well, their house has only two rooms, and there are no carpets or curtains or pictures, and the children haven't any dolls or anything, and I just know they are not going to have a turkey."

"But I think your father said Mr. Burger is one of his best teamsters. I don't think they can be so badly off. Here's father now. We'll ask him."

As soon as Mr. Fenton had hung his overcoat up in the hall, his wife asked, "The Burgers are not in destitute circumstances, are they?"

"Why, no, of course not. What put that into your head?"

"Elizabeth is worried about their Thanksgiving," she answered.

"Burger is one of my steadiest men," replied Mr. Fenton. "Of course, that sick spell he had this fall put him back a good deal; but he'll pull out all right. He's glad to be alive."

"Maybe Mr. and Mrs. Burger can be thankful," persisted Elizabeth, "but I don't see how the children can." And she turned her brown eyes, which were full of tears, out of the window and said nothing more.

Mr. and Mrs. Fenton exchanged glances, and Mrs. Fenton went back to the kitchen to sew up the turkey. After a while she called Elizabeth.

"Would you like to take some Thanksgiving cakes to the Burger children?" she asked as Elizabeth came into the kitchen.

"O mother, may I?" cried Elizabeth, catching her hands together in delight. "Do you think father would drive me down there again?"

"Yes, I think he would," answered Mrs. Fenton as she went to the cupboard for the Thanksgiving cakes. Every year she made a platter heaped with this same kind. Elizabeth could not remember when they had not been a part of their Thanksgiving. They were round and brown, with nuts and raisins and dates inside and white frosting decorated with red and green candies outside. They were Elizabeth's favorite part of the Thanksgiving feast. "You run to the store-room and find a box the right size for two of these, dear. I'm afraid I can't spare more than that; we are to have so many for dinner they won't go round."

"I wish, mother, we could put in four, so Mr. and Mrs. Burger could have one. I always eat two because I don't like plum pudding. Couldn't you put mine in the box? I don't care. I'll be full of turkey, anyway."

"Aw, no," broke in Frederick, who was just coming through the door and heard what Elizabeth had said, "send mine. I rather have two dishes of plum pudding." Frederick had a big, kind heart; and, though he had been reading a lively adventure story, he had heard between lines the talk about the Burger family.

Elizabeth found a box just the right size for four of the pretty cakes, and her mother packed them in with dainty white paper and tied a red ribbon around the box. Elizabeth was greatly pleased, but still she didn't feel quite satisfied. She didn't say anything, but kept thinking that a Thanksgiving without a turkey couldn't be just right. In her whole life she could not remember a Thanksgiving that didn't include a turkey. Why, even the candy shops—There was the idea. Elizabeth ran back to the kitchen.

"Mother, do you care if I give the turkey Uncle Fred sent me last Thanksgiving full of candy and the one grandmother gave me yesterday to those little girls? It doesn't seem like a really Thanksgiving without some kind of a turkey. I can put some raisins in them, and Frederick almost always has peanuts in his pockets." Elizabeth said it all so fast that her mother didn't get a chance to answer; but she stood smiling at her; and, when Elizabeth had finished, she added:

"And there's some chocolate fudge on the sideboard."

"O mother, you dear," cried Elizabeth, hugging her around the waist, and then ran to find the turkeys.

In the afternoon when Elizabeth knocked on the door of the little house in the West End, her heart beat fast. Mrs. Burger came to the door; and, as soon as the little girls saw it was Elizabeth, they came, too.

"This is some Thanksgiving," said Elizabeth, shyly, holding out the two white-wrapped boxes; and then she couldn't think of anything else to say, so she ran down the steps to where her father was waiting in the automobile. Mrs. Burger called, "Thank you," after her; and the little girls waved their hands, and their faces beamed with happiness. Elizabeth waved back until the

automobile turned a corner, and she could no longer see them.

On the way home Mr. Fenton stopped at the post-office, and Elizabeth waited in the automobile. When he came out, she was wiggling the toe of her shoe against the brake and smiling broadly all to herself.

"Well," laughed her father, "what's so funny, daughter?"

Elizabeth came out of her thoughts with a start. "Oh!" she said with sparkling eyes, "I'm so glad we gave the Burgers something to be thankful for."

The New Rubbers.

BY VLYN JOHNSON.

SOMETIMES think I really am the most unlucky child!

Things happen in a way to make most any one go wild—

Like yesterday when father bought me rubbers, shining bright,

Because he said 'twas going to storm and it was only right

That I "should be prepared to brave the cold autumnal rain"

(He seemed to read those very words right off the weather-vane).

We bought them on the way to school and tied them to my book,

Until I got there safe and sound and gave each child a look.

But though I waited all through school, it never rained a mite,

And later in the afternoon the sun came out so bright

I just looked at my overshoes and cried and cried and cried,

Until a lady came along and sat down by my side.

I told her what the trouble was and showed my rubbers, too,

And do you know she said right off? "I'll tell you what we'll do.

We'll put them on you now and you can wear them while they shine,

For when they once have gotten wet, they'll never look so fine."

It really seemed the best advice I almost ever had,

And most especially for a child whose luck is sometimes bad.

I laughed so hard and was so glad, she said I was a duck

And that there always is a way to change the hardest luck;

For things are sure to turn out right before too long a while

If you'll put on your thinking-cap, and try quite hard to smile.

So after this, I'm going to try with all my might and main—

O gracious me! What do you think?

IT'S STARTED IN TO RAIN!

Robert's Regret.

Little Robert was very bright, and at the end of his first term at school was promoted to the second grade. He was much attached to his first-grade teacher and was loath to leave her.

"Miss Eva," he said, with tears in his eyes, "I do wish you knew enough to teach second grade, so I wouldn't have to leave you."

The Classmate.

PAGE FOR LITTLE READERS

Doughnut Holes.

BY DAISY D. STEPHENSON.

I'm as busy as a bee,
Got my mother's thimble—see?
No, I'm not a-goin' to sew;
Something nicer'n that I know!
Mother's fixing doughnuts now;
I'm close by, to see just how.
When she gets the dough rolled thin,—
Cut in circles,—I begin.
Cunning tiny holes I cut
In each thin, flat, *doughy* nut!
Then they're cooked, till brown you see
(Bout an hour—it seems to me).
When they're in the cooky-jar,
I eat *all the holes* there are!

How a Pumpkin Helped Johnnie to be Thankful.

JOHNNIE spent the summer at grandma's. One day she put into his hand a smooth, yellow seed. "Inside of this is a wonderful little plant," she said. "Put it in the ground and see what will happen."

Grandpa showed Johnnie how to make a hill between two stalks of field corn and in the middle he dug a little hole, laid in the smooth, yellow seed, and covered it up. Every night when the sun went down he carefully watered that hill. How he longed to know what was going on inside!

Drip, drip, fell the water upon the ground; the walls of the seed became soft and swelled out; the little plant grew so large and strong that it burst through the shell out into the rich black earth.

The baby plant climbed up, up, till it reached the beautiful world above. Then it spread its green leaves and basked in the sunshine, sending out more green leaves on a long stem, which grandma called a vine. This stem had curious little tendrils like fingers, that reached over and caught hold of one of the cornstalks and held fast, so the stormy winds might not tear it to pieces. The vine was so full of big, fuzzy leaves that the ground was quite shaded by them.

One day Johnnie found a tiny green ball hanging to the stem under one of the largest leaves, and long before the summer was over, the green ball had grown to be as large as one of grandma's milk pans. The cool September wind tossed aside the sheltering leaves, the warm sun shone upon the ball, and soon it became the finest, round, fat, yellow pumpkin you ever saw.

The holidays were over, and Johnnie must go back to the city and go to school. He did not like to leave the country, but grandma said: "You shall make us another visit on Thanks-

giving Day, and help eat that big pumpkin when it is made into pies. I'm sure it will taste better because you planted the seed and watched it grow."



A Great Joke.

BY MARY GOW WALSWORTH.

I'm not a baby any more,
I dress as big boys do,
They've cut the curls I always wore,
And I can whistle, too.

And Grandma, who is dear and old,
Writes she is coming, maybe,
And that she longs to hug and hold
"The darling, precious baby."

Now, won't it be the best of jokes
When she looks round to see
A baby, 'mong the other folks,
And finds a Boy like me.

One week before Thanksgiving, Johnnie was taken sick with the measles. No frolic in the country for him! What a pity! Grandpa and grandma thought so, too. They put their heads together and made up something lovely—Johnnie could not come to the pumpkin, so the pumpkin must go to him; and it did, in a box lined with straw.

Johnnie was sitting in his bedroom in a big armchair, and he was not feeling very happy.

"There's a good time coming," sang a cheery voice in the hall, and up came father with a heavy box. He put it on the floor in front of his discontented little boy, and when he took the lid off, Johnnie laughed long and loud.

Such a pumpkin! Grandpa had cut off some of the hard, yellow outside, making two big round eyes. These he painted blue with grandma's indigo. There was a flat nose and such a grinning mouth with white watermelon-seed teeth. Then it had long corn-silk hair and a funny plaited corn-husk cap; on the tassel was tied a paper with these words printed in large letters:

"TAKE OFF MY HAT!"

With the hat, came the upper part of this queer pumpkin's head. "The stuffing," as Johnnie called it, had been scooped out, the inside lined with thick wrapping paper, and packed with such strange parcels.

First came a turkey cut out of a sweet potato, with a real feather tail; then a pig made from a turnip; a glass of clear honey gathered by grandma's bees; some crab-apple jelly; a bag of glossy brown chestnuts; four yellow pippins; and six ears of pop corn.

Mother put some of the corn in a wire popper and held it over the open grate, so Johnnie could see the tiny kernels swell and burst into feathery white fairies, that danced and hopped about in a most comical fashion. When Johnnie went to bed, father turned the gas very low and, taking the paper from the inside of the pumpkin, he lighted a bit of wax candle and set it in the bottom of the head.

"Jack-o'-Lantern," cried Johnnie in delight, and as long as it was possible to keep his eyes open he looked at that funny laughing face. It was a lovely Thanksgiving after all, and by and by, when he had slipped off to Slumberland, he dreamed he was a round, yellow pumpkin and grandpa was trying to cut a mouth in his face.

From Kindergarten Review.

Adapted from The Favorite.

"Hearts will ope to words like these:
'Thank you, sir,' and 'If you please.'"



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

GRASS RANGE, MONT.

Dear Miss Buck,—I write this letter to express my wish to join the Beacon Club.

I am ten years old, and have been a subscriber to *The Beacon* for three years, and always enjoy its good stories.

My papa and mamma are Unitarians. My mother's father was a Unitarian minister, but he is now dead. His name is Rev. Otto Von Zech.

We are very sorry that we do not have a Unitarian church and Sunday school here in Grass Range, and so we go to the Methodist church and Sunday school.

The Methodist's minister's wife is my Sunday school teacher.

Yours sincerely,

MARIE KINTZIE.

BROOKLYN, N.Y.,
1639 East 15 Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—Being a member of a Unitarian Sunday school I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club.

I am thirteen years of age and my Sunday school teacher's name is Miss Vanston. I remain,

Sincerely yours,

LOUISE JOHANNESEN.

Bittersweet.

BY MINNIE LEONA UPTON.

WHEN the frost is in the air,
And the chill is in the breeze,
And the leaves, in colors fair,
Rustle down from all the trees,
Then Bittersweet so blithesome
Puts on her bright array,
And trails her glowing jewels
O'er wall and wood away.

All the summer long she dressed
In a soft and shining green;
Who'd have guessed that she possessed
Jewels fit for any queen?
O Bittersweet so blithesome,
Give me a few, I pray,
To brighten up my windows,
Through many a winter's day!

Sunday School News.

RALLY DAY was observed by the Unitarian Sunday school of Uxbridge, Mass., on Sunday, October 29. It proved of unique interest, and representatives of the Sunday schools of other local churches were present.

The little children of the Kindergarten gave the illustrated story of Elijah and the Widow, acting out the several parts of the story according to direction.

Following this, some fourteen selected members of the older classes, under Mrs. Foster's direction, gave a presentation of the Old Testament story of Ruth. The text of the play was supplied by the American Unitarian Association. The costumes showed the simple and appropriate attire peculiar to the East, and the stacks of grain on the platform made the scene very real indeed. The participants showed the result of careful training in giving this pastoral scene

LOS ANGELES, CAL.,
2148 Reservoir Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I attend the First Unitarian Church of Los Angeles. We have a very nice Sunday school. Mr. Reed gave lectures concerning the Sunday school and there was a collection taken up for a stereopticon. Now we have a fine one and plan to have pictures twice a month at least. We have helped a poor shoemaker to make a living by buying him tools and leather.

I used to attend the First Unitarian Church of Belfast, Me., and since I have been here and read *The Beacon*, I have seen several letters written by girls that I knew. I would like very much to belong to the Beacon Club. I am fourteen and have one sister.

Sincerely,

LINA P. COUSINS.

DELAWANNA, N.J.,
River Drive.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school in Passaic. I should like to become a member of your club.

I am eleven years old. We are going to have a Hallowe'en party.

Yours sincerely,

CATHERINE SPRINK.

Catherine's brother Anthony has also joined our Club, and Lucile Hunniford, of Rutherford, N.J.

and won the hearty interest of their friends present.

Instrumental music was effectively interspersed during the play. Several requests were made for a repetition of the drama, and the young people were much pleased with the reception accorded to their production.

How many of our schools have a birthday offering? It is a pretty ceremony when members who have just passed a birthday come forward at the school session and drop into a bank provided for the purpose as many pennies as they are years old. In Madison, Wis., the yearly offering goes to help the work of the "visiting nurse."

A Mistaken Game.

BY ADELBERT F. CALDWELL.

A GROUP of Raindrop children,
One dull, cold winter day,
Laid down their Cloudland Primers,
At recess time, to play.

Puss-in-the-corner first they tried,
And then a game of ball,
But both sports were soon abandoned,
As there wasn't chance for all!

Then presently they decided,
Since there wasn't room enough
For every one to join such games,
To play at blindman's buff.

And so these Raindrop children
White handkerchiefs took out,
And having bound their eyes up tight,
Raced merrily about.

And greatly this delighted them
(How strange we didn't know!),—
That their jolly game of blindman's buff,
We all supposed was snow!

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XX.

I am composed of 17 letters.

My 6, 2, 3, is lonely.

My 14, 5, 3, is a color.

My 6, 4, 15, is evil.

My 3, 12, 8, 14, is a movable barrier of wood.

My 1, 4, 3, is a cover.

My 15, 10, 17, 17, 4, 10, is a girl's name.

My 11, 16, 9, 10, 6, is a boy's name.

My 7, 8, 13, 15, 3, is a kind of a dog.

My whole is a magazine.

ROBERT ILLINGWORTH.

ENIGMA XXI.

I am composed of 7 letters.

My 6, 7, 4, we ride in.

My 1, 5, 4, we breathe.

My 2, 3, is a pronoun.

My whole is a patriotic air.

PRISCILLA SMITH.

TWISTED VEGETABLES.

1. Asdirh.

2. Ucbeumcr.

3. Pniaprs.

4. Otmtaeo.

5. Ceagbab.

6. Eptoaot.

7. Pragsausa.

8. Rctora.

9. Intrpu.

10. Lycree.

DOROTHY F. CARY.

DECAPITATION.

I can cast an ugly shade,
As if by some demon made;
While I linger on the face,
Nothing can the wearer grace.

If beheaded, 'tis my fate
Still to rest upon the pate,
As a bonnet or a hood
Worn by one who should be good.

If now beheaded I should be,
Still a big-head you will see,
Emblem of the would-be-wise,
With his gravely staring eyes.

The Wellspring.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 7.

ENIGMA XV.—Benjamin Franklin.

ENIGMA XVI.—Equivalent.

WORD SQUARE.—CLOTH

LEVEE

O VENS

TENTS

HESSE

HIDDEN BOOKS.—1. Macbeth. 2. Talisman. 3. Adam Bede. 4. Les Misérables. 5. Sketch Book. 6. Romeo and Juliet. 7. Hamlet. 8. Rob Roy.

TWISTED TREES.—1. Birds. 2. Maple. 3. Walnut. 4. Butternut. 5. Chestnut. 6. Poplar. 7. Witch Hazel. 8. Hickory. 9. Pecan.

Answers to puzzles have been sent by Elizabeth Piper Hoyt, Hingham, Mass., and by Cornelia Sprink, Delawanna, N.J.

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

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